

## The 7 Method

### "I Could Laugh"

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Mama don't understand  
She wants to hold my hand  
Night and day  
She don't like my clothes  
They're wearing thin  
On her nerves  
She don't like my hair  
My glorious crown  
Brings her down  
She won't take me serious  
Think I'll join the circus  
Be a clown

And they'll all laugh  
They'll all laugh  
They'll all laugh  
But it's not funny  
No

I'm restless  
Wanna bust out of my skin  
Got a rocket  
In my pocket  
Got no fuel  
No charted course  
Got no direction  
No, they did not give me those in school  
Yes, I've been a fool for cool  
But no kind of hair, no shoes, no jackets  
Gonna help me hack it, hack it  
Hack it to pieces, man  
I've had it  
And you can have it

Chorus

Well, I wonder what will  
Get me off  
So I pick and choose and take  
And in a couple years  
You're right

I'm left  
With a great big heartache  
So deep and wide  
That no matter what  
I stuff inside  
It's empty  
Just the way it came  
It's a crying shame  
But all the same

Chorus

Should I recall  
All the people I have hurt  
Along the way  
And should I try  
To justify  
Every wrong I did not right  
But two wrongs don't make it right  
And so it keeps me up at night  
And I lie awake  
And while away the meanwhile  
And meanwhile.....  
Meanwhile I dwell  
On the baby that I killed  
Or the drink I should have not refilled  
And every heart I broke in 2  
And left to die  
Bleeding on the roadside  
Or I could sit  
And let my eyes  
Fill with mist  
For every girl that  
I should not have kissed  
And all the broken family ties  
The loved ones  
I have missed  
Yes, I have mist in my eyes  
And so I cry  
But why should I should I

Chorus

And everything I've got  
I'm gonna lose  
Both good and bad  
Will pass  
And what next  
What lies  
Beyond the broken dreams  
And shattered mirrors

I keep looking in  
To check my luck  
Or skill  
But only pride keeps staring back  
And stil I laugh  
Still  
I laugh

And none of this, of course,  
Will stand  
When I stand before the man  
On that great day  
Of the great divide  
When all the kings and queens  
Will have their closets emptied  
And the bones will all fall out  
'Dem bones 'dem bones 'dem dry bones  
Will not fail  
Dead men will tell tales

And you can laugh  
And I can laugh  
And we can laugh  
But it's not funny

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